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FARMING SHIPPING MANUFACTURING
"We must have more ships."—McKinley.

Judge

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Judge

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THE SAUSAGE and the buckwheat-cake
The iron combination make
That naught on earth can break or shake.

* * *

AN IDEA of the variety, not to say the versatility, of the climate that is loosely scattered around the breezy old state of Texas may be gained from the printed reports that recently, on the same day, she indulged in ripe strawberries and a cold wave. If this style of climate were permanent the Lone Star state would be a great place in which to start a farm whereon polar bears and alligators without end might be raised for the overcoat and valise markets. The picture of the alligator eating icicles like bananas, and the polar bear reveling in cholera morbus as a result of a green-apple banquet, would be a sight to fill the natural historian as well as the meteorologist with wonder. But this can never be, as the Texas climate is as changeable as a five-dollar bill, which is so changeable that it is never done with being changed; consequently Texas will never disport in a permanent combination of June and January, and therefore visitors may never hope to hear the bluebird fluting his matutinal hymn on a snow-drift and the native cutting his grass attired in a fur-lined ulster.

TO BE EXPECTED.

FIRST SUBURBANITE—"I hear that Jones adopted that hired girl of his so as to get her to stay with the family."

SECOND SUBURBANITE—"Yes; and now his adopted daughter wants to stay in the parlor and play the piano all day and let her mother do the housework."

* * *

IT SEEMS quite likely that the homing-pigeon system employed in the navy for years is at last to be replaced by wireless telegraphy. That the naval pigeon must go we feel certain, if the recent order for his sale at auction by the naval department counts for anything. Thus will he become a messengerless messenger pigeon and retire, pensionless, from the navy to glide and curvet about the barnyard until cast to play the star part in the potpourri of the pot-pie. The carrier-pigeon will no doubt feel that his proud spirit has been rudely fractured in being snatched from the society of sea-gulls and admirals, and being thrust into that of stablemen and Shanghai roosters that cannot fly four feet without losing their wind. The sea-gull is the logical bird for the navy, and the fact that this soarer and circler is not so employed is either due to the fact that the naval authorities are not appreciative ornithologists, or that the sea-gull is so constituted as to make it impossible for any expert to train and educate him. But as the pigeon is to be compelled to wrap the drapery of his message about him and lie down to pleasant dreams on the stable-roof, it is not likely that the sea-gull will appeal to the naval authorities. Be that as it may, it should be a source of consolation to all people, whether they are advocates of wireless telegraphy or bird-fanciers, that, even if wireless telegraphy shall take the place of the carrier-pigeon on the high seas, the day will never come when it can supplant it as the base of the festal pot-pie that bears its name.

A FRENCH SCIENTIST states that rock grows. It would be fortunate if rock would grow after it has been quarried and cut into cubes; then ordinary stone buildings might grow into sky-scrapers as fast as cotton-duck trousers shrink into knickerbockers. The next thing we know some scientific man will come forth with an artificial stone, a sphere of which, when planted like a seed, will grow into a flat-house or a cathedral.

* * *

A SCIENTIFIC MAN out west claims to have discovered what he calls a gravel cure. That is to say, he has discovered that one may rid one's self of various disorders by absorbing the ordinary gravel that is used in mortar and other concretions. As it is said by the discoverer to be extremely beneficial in cases of dyspepsia, it strikes us as paradoxical that the man who can digest gravel itself should have any trouble in digesting and assimilating the common food of every-day life. The ostrich eats gravel daily as if it were granulated sugar without the slightest injury to its throat or stomach. In fact, the gravel so tones and strengthens its stomach as to make it an easy matter for this bird of the costly plumes to devour broken window-panes and golf-balls as if they were respectively peanut-brittle and peppermint-drops. If man could develop an ostrich stomach by a dietetic use of gravel, it must go without saying that he would be able to eat the most deadly kinds of food, such as lobster, mince-pie, and Welsh rarebits, with impunity even at the midnight hour. This scientific man should style himself a specialist in stomach troubles and start a sanitarium for the purpose of giving patients gravel treatment, and finally make them the custodians of stomachs capable of digesting anything from dried apples to corks. Many a senile millionaire would avail himself of the opportunity of having his stomach builded up, even on a gravel system, to the end that he might obtain an apparatus that would hold a solid meal and fill him with corresponding rapture. He would willingly sprinkle gravel on his buckwheat-cakes and take it in his coffee like sugar if he knew it would digest these necessaries of life and eventually make pepsin as superfluous to him as to the ostrich, which, when it sticks its head in the sand, is not as much for the purpose of hiding from and eluding a pursuer as to take in a large draught of sand for the purpose of digesting the stove-lids it had for breakfast. May success attend the gravel cure and give every one who tries it a stomach like a football.

* * *

THE PETULANT POP of the American peanut is now heard in Marseilles, and its music is as highly appreciated by the Frenchman of that city as by the American patriot who hears it at the circus with the accompaniment of the brass band. The American peanut is not over there, however, as the attraction of any circus, although it must be admitted that the circus is one of the best backgrounds calculated to bring out and show off its many and varied beauties to the best advantage. It is over there to be translated into olive-oil, in which form it will probably return to us, enveloped in all the glory of a high protective tariff, to masquerade under a French label. Olives are too scarce and expensive in France to be used in the manufacture of oil which, it is said, is now manufactured almost entirely from peanuts and castor-oil beans. That the American peanut is responsible for much of the reputation enjoyed by French olive-oil there can be no doubt. From the humble morsel that glads and gilds alike the inner boy and the inner elephant does it rise in price and dignity when bottled until it reminds us somewhat of the unfortunate American girl whose exotic label in life is the name of a French count. Many of the best things that come from France were originally American. In making this statement we simply quote the opinion of an astute authority on the subject of the drama and things dramatic. This authority gives it as his firm conviction that nine out of every ten successful plays produced in France are originally written in English by Americans and sent to France, where they are translated into French and staged. Then, after they score great Parisian successes, they are translated back into English and brought out in New York, where they yield handsome financial returns, when, as a matter of refrigerated fact, they would not have had a chance of production here as originally written. The success of the American peanut in the French olive-oil fields seems to prove the allegation of the dramatic authority beyond all peradventure, and we believe that the time is not very far distant when American hickory-nuts will be shipped to France, and, after undergoing a Gallic process, come back as olives that will set the epicurean heart wild with ineffable joy.

A TIN TYPE.

THE INDULGENT PAPA.

"POPPER," said Beatrice Bondclipper, "my new automobile is just lovely."

"I am glad you like it, daughter," responded Mr. Bondclipper.

"But, popper, it ought to have a chauffeur."

"Well, Betty," said Mr. Bondclipper, who at times forgot that his daughter had shifted her first name after attending boarding-school, "I reckon you can have it, but the machine is pretty well cluttered up the way it stands. You have two kinds of automatic brakes on it, and an umbrella rack, and a dog carrier, and a nickel-plated bundle holder, and—yes, by jings! you've got a whip socket on the thing—but I don't see where you're going to fasten this here chauf—this here what-you-call-it. But go ahead and get it, and have 'em send the bill to me, if you think you ought to have it."

AMBIGUOUS.

"HE MAY mean well," said the young doctor, "but I don't exactly like the tone of his letter."

"What's the matter?" inquired the old practitioner.

"Jones, the undertaker, writes and says that if I will send my patients to him he will guarantee them satisfaction."

A COMPARISON.

"IT IS a brutal, degrading sport," said the visitor from South America after witnessing a football game.

"There is some truth in what you say," replied his host. "Still, the game isn't much more dangerous than your revolutions, and it's a great deal more dignified."

IN TOPSY-TURVY LAND.

MR. APPLE—"Oh, I'm a wise guy. When I pack a barrel of farmers for market I always put the big ones on top!"

SAVING GRACES.

TURTLE—"It's queer how unpopular that porcupine is."
CRANE—"Yes: because he really has a great many good points."

A COMPARATIVE SUPERLATIVE.

MRS. NEWLYWED—"Now that I am yours are you superlatively happy?"
MR. NEWLYWED—"Well—yes—comparatively so."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

JOSEPHINE LUDWIG.

When we hear you warble,
Frisky Josephine,
Like a spring-thrilled bluebird,
O'er the twinkling green,
While its gushing music
Glorifies the scene,

Then, oh, dainty minstrel,
Surely do we know,
While spellbound we listen,
With rare joy aglow,
You're the soulful bird that
Makes the show a show.

A FREE TRANSLATION.

"CANST thou, then, minister to a mind diseased?" casually inquired the eminent exponent of the drama, while the spot-light sputtered radiantly.

"W'ot's dat guy gittin' t'roo him?" inquired One-eyed Mike of Limpy Lou, his companion in the gallery.

"He means, 'Have yer got any dope fer a bug-house guy?'" was the lucid explanation of the gentleman addressed.

THE MARCH OF COMMERCE.

"IN one year Watson built up a trade that extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

"Why, that is stupendous!"

"No; not so stupendous. You see, he sells gum-drops and things on a Panama Canal boat."

HUMAN NATURE.

GIVE a play a bad name and the public will stand in line for hours to buy tickets.

A LIGHT REPAST.

THE ELECTRIC-LIGHT BULB—"I don't want much to eat—just a piece of pie."
THE WAITER—"Yes, mum. What kind, mum?"
THE ELECTRIC-LIGHT BULB—"Current."

A CHOICE OF COLD OR HOT.

THE PASSER-BY—"Hello, my boy! You've got a lot of nerve to be out husking corn on a cold day like this."
BOY—"It 'd take more nerve not to."
THE PASSER-BY—"Why, how's that?"
BOY—"I'm here by the old man's orders."

CLASSIFIED.

MADGE—"She went and had her hair bleached and her complexion beautified because somebody said she was a back *number*."
JACK—"So, then she's a reprint?"

LOVE LAUGHS AT DOGS ALSO.

The damsel—"Oh, Harold! I've been so frightened for you. Papa has bought a great big savage bull-dog, and"——

The swain—"That's all right, darling. I've bought a dog, too. He will endeavor to keep your father's dog busy while you and I saunter down to the parsonage."

SHE WAS NOT ECONOMICAL.

Benham—"Do you remember that before we were married you said you could never be a poor man's wife?"

Mrs. Benham—"Well, I wasn't, was I?"

Benham—"No, but you will be soon if you keep on at the rate you are going now."

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ALL HE KNEW.

EDITH—"Who are his ancestors?"
HAROLD—"I give it up. I've never seen anything but his ancestral gallery."

A SHORT PLUNGE.

"AT LAST!" It was a bright, clear evening in early spring. The heavens were studded with glittering points of light, and in all that vast expanse not a cloud obscured the atmosphere. The young astronomer, his face aglow with enthusiasm, turned to help his bride up the steep stairs that led to the observatory at the top of the house. "At last," he said, "I shall be able to show you the stars in all their pristine beauty."

They stood for a moment and looked out into the silent night. The young bride's face, evidently already impressed with the scene above them, was rapt and intent in its expression. Below them, with its faint glimmer, lay the surrounding city, its tall spires, its distant factory chimneys, rising like silent ghosts of the night. And above and beyond, illimitable, the panorama of the sky stretched, sublime in its silence.

The voice of the man of science almost shook as he spoke, after a long pause, in which it seemed to him as if they had left the earth and were themselves only two minds in a universe.

"When we realize," he said, "that we are in reality nothing but infinitesimal specks on a little revolving pea of matter, and that around us, on every side stretching out beyond the widest range of the imagination, are countless worlds upon worlds, into what a depth of insignificance does this plunge us! Ah, my dear, what are the things of this petty sphere? What are ambition, riches, life and death; what"——

His wife started, her face lighting up.

"I must go!" she cried, moving swiftly toward the steps.

"Go?" he repeated. "Why, we have only just come."

"I know it," she said, half way down the steps; "but the bell rang, and my new hat has arrived."

HIS OFFER.

MRS. FARMER—"What will you do if I give you a meal?"
FRAYED FAGIN—"I'll send so many other hoboes here, mum, dat dey'll tread down a nice path fer yer from here to de front gate, mum."

THE MEETING OF THE BRIDE AND THE GROOM.

1.

2.

A SUB-MARINE.

3.

HIS OFFENSE.

The missionary—"My friend, I am afraid that you do not realize the dreadfulness of the drink evil."

The farmer—"Why, ma'am, I never tech a drop."

The missionary—"But you raise hops."

ALMOST HERE.

THE time is rapidly approaching when the writers of novels will outnumber the readers. Then, perhaps, the readers will be paid for perusing the popular books of the day.

FAST HORSES.

"ARE you still following the races?"

"Yes; and I'm so far behind that I can't catch up."

MANY a man who does not drink coffee at night that he may sleep like a top would do well to drink several cupfuls in the morning to keep him wide awake and up to business snuff during the day.

UNDER THE SEA.

MRS. BASS—"Why, she can just wind her husband around her finger."
MRS. SHAD—"It is no wonder, for she married an eel."

THE HUNTERS AND THE GAME WARDEN.

A Fable.

TWO hunters who were shooting in New Jersey were not equally matched as regards skill in shooting.

One of them bagged many birds while the other did not get a feather.

"What, ho!" said the first, "but you are punk. Why don't you practice with a pop-gun? You could not hit a barrel if you poked the end of your fowling-piece in the bung-hole."

The other said nothing but he gazed sadly on his empty bag and enviously at the birds his companion had slaughtered.

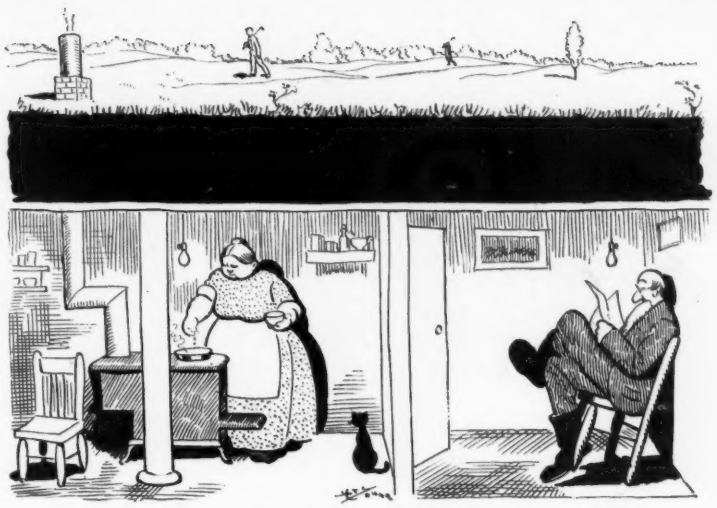
As they were about to start for home they met an affable stranger who asked: "What luck?"

"I have killed twenty-three birds," said the good shot, "while this lobster here has not killed one. Isn't he a chump to carry such a heavy gun all day?"

"Well, I am not sure," said the affable stranger. "I am a game warden and this is the closed season. Those birds will cost you ten dollars apiece."

Moral—A bird in the game bag is some times worth a whole bunch in the bushes.

W. BOB HOLLAND.



AS A LAST RESORT.

If the golfers insist on buying up every foot of land for links, perhaps the farmer can live under ground.

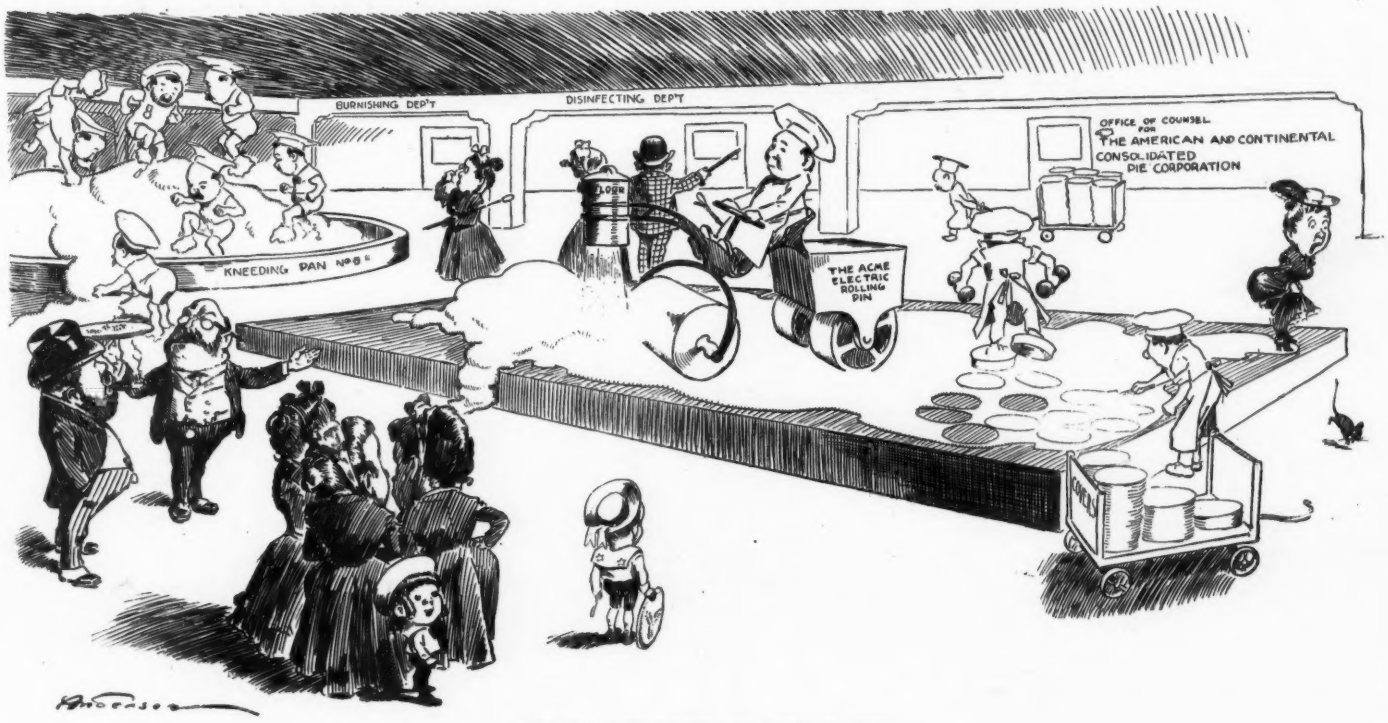
A FATAL KICK.

'RASTUS (*rushing in*)—"Mah! Dad done got kicked in de haid by Jennings's mule!"
MAMMY—"Lan' sakes! Is he daid?"
'RASTUS—"Naw: dad 's all right, but dey hed ter shoot de mule."

A FALL.

Customer—"I understand that your chef has been discharged."

Waiter—"Yes, sir. He has gone to a place where they call him a cook."



ONE OF OUR GROWING INDUSTRIES.

Scene in a large American pie-factory—visitors' day.

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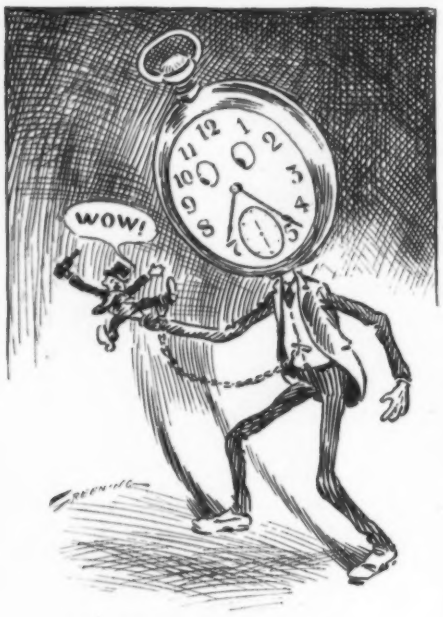
IT IS PLAIN TO BE SEEN THAT MR. ROOSEVELT

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Pr'g Co. New York.

OSEVELT IS GOING TO BE THE PRESIDENT.



IN TOPSY-TURVY LAND.
WATCH—"Why, darn it! my man is getting fast again."

A REMARKABLE SHOT.

"HELLO, Ike!" said Perkins, as that individual walked into the store. "How 'd you make out gunnin' to-day?"

"Tole'ble, jest tole'ble; that's all. I got four black ducks, six broad bill, and ten winters."

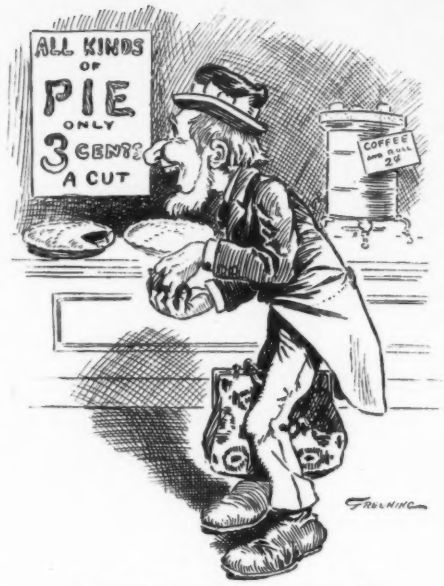
"I must say thet's pretty good shootin' fer one day," said Perkins.

"'Twas putty fair; but I should have got more yet if my shells hadn't gin out."

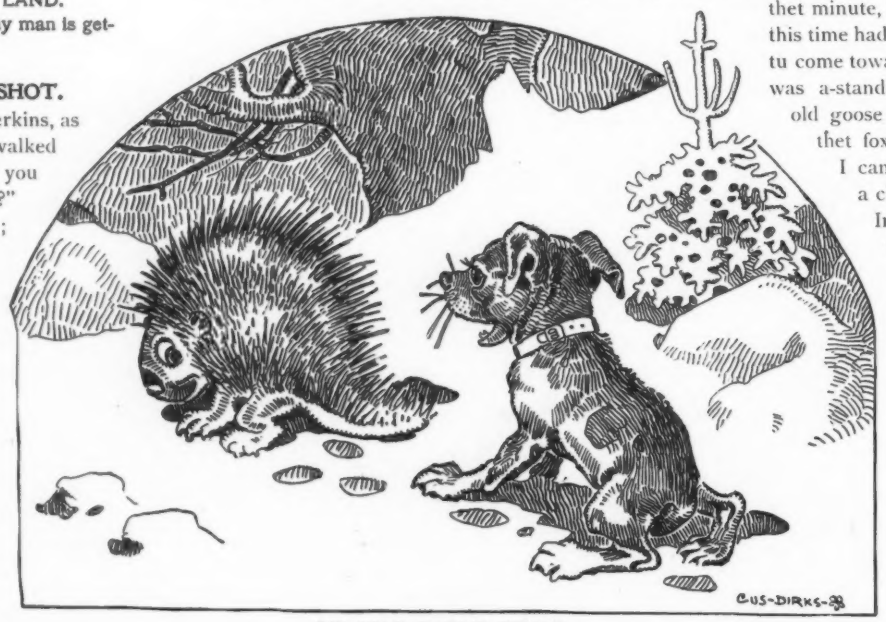
"Thet so?" said the constable. "'Twas hard luck and 'minds me o' one day 'bout four year ago, when I went down tu the medders gunnin' with thet old muzzle-loader er mine. I fooled 'round all day, till I had only one charge of powder left. Birds had been comin' 'long, one in a flock and now and then tew lone ones, and all of 'em out er range, and I didn't git a bird. I was kinder discouraged; hadn't had a good shot all day. But jest as I was gittin' out of the stand I heard a goose hollerin', and I crouched down quick, I can tell yer, and purty soon he landed plump down in the slough-hole in front of me, where my decoys was. I was jest tu the south of the deacon's medder—you fellers remember how the marsh there is very narrer and runs right clus up to the beach—and my stand was jest abreast of thet low place on the beach they call the blow-hole. Wa-al, I moved 'round keerful and got a bead on the old goose, when he must have smelt me, for jest as I was goin' tu let him hev it he begun swimmin' away from me. I didn't want tu lose him, so I begun to whistle him back, and, if you'll believe me, as I was a-sittin' there, what should I see comin' up by the blow-hole but a red fox. Boys, I'd hev given my hull farm for another charge of powder and shot thet minute, I guess. The goose by this time had circled round and begun tu come towards me agin, and the fox was a-standin' still. Gradually the old goose was gittin' in line with thet fox. 'By thunder!' 's I, 'if I can git 'em in a line there's a chance of gittin' 'em both.' In another minute they was right in line and I let 'em hev it. Jest as I fired, a bluefish jumped out of the water from a school on 'em that was chasin' bait inshore. I shot the goose plum through the head, lamed the fox so he couldn't run, and killed thet bluefish so he drifted ashore, and I got the hull three."

"Boys," said Perkins solemnly, "if you'll step intu the back room I'll set up the cider."

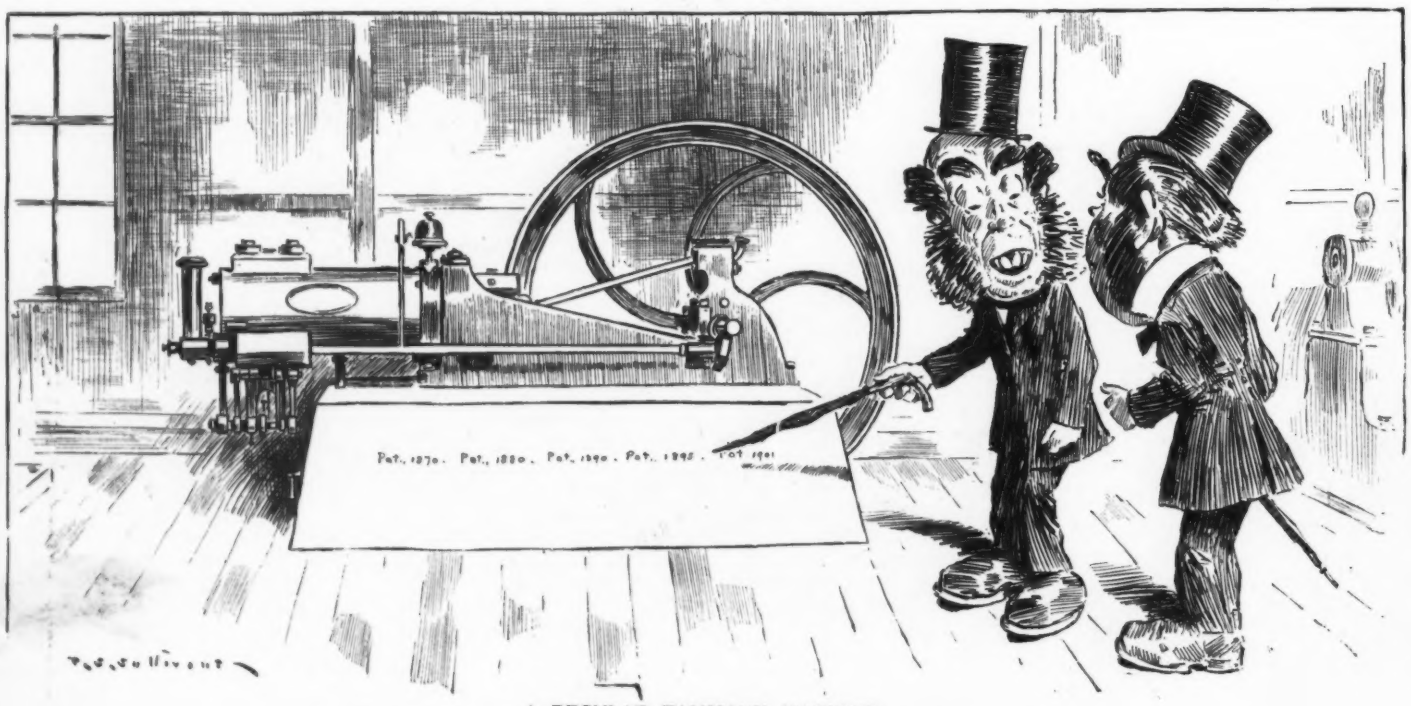
CLAY EMERY.



CAPTURED BY THE PIE-RATES.



HE WAS BADLY STUCK.
CARLO—"It's a great wonder to me why people don't keep their pin-cushions tied up."



A REGULAR TAMMANY MACHINE.
MIKE—"Phat koind av a machine is thot? It sez 'Pat. 1870, Pat. 1880, Pat. 1890, Pat.'"—
JERRY—"Begobs! that must be a *political* machine."

"Good-morning, Mrs. Smythe; would you please loan me your horse-blanket?"

"Certainly; but what do you wish to do with it?"

"I am going to cover my feet in the automobile. It is dreadfully cold."

"A good idea; and will you loan me your automobile coat?"

"What for?"

"I am going to the horse show."—*Chicago News.*

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has been in use for half a century. Some families have used it for three generations, and it is to-day the standard cough remedy of this country.

Clerical customer (arousing himself from nap in barber's chair)—"All through, eh?"

Barber—"Yes, sir; quite, some time ago."

Clerical customer—"Indeed! Then I must have been asleep."

Barber—"You surely have, sir."

Clerical customer—"It was certainly very kind of you not to awaken me. The rest has done me good, and I am very thankful to you for what was really a very refreshing sleep."

Barber—"Don't mention it, sir. It's only a fair return; I attended service at your church last Sunday."—*Boston Courier.*

Gold Medal at Pan-American Exposition—Dr. Siegert's Imported Angostura Bitters.

Willie had swallowed a penny, and his mother was in a state of much alarm. "Helen," she called to her sister in the next room, "send for a doctor. Willie has swallowed a penny."

The terrified boy looked up imploringly.

"No, mamma," he interposed; "send for the minister."

"The minister!" exclaimed the mother.

"Yes; because papa says our minister can get money out of anybody."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

The stranger had gone out in a rain-coat and had come back shivering in a snow-storm.

"Why is it," he asked, disgustedly, "that you have so many different kinds of weather?"

The Chicagoan looked at him in surprise.

"We aim to please," he replied, "and we have such a cosmopolitan population to suit."—*Chicago Post.*

"Oh, for some more ancestors!" sighed the new wife.

"That's all right," assured her husband; "we have enough to enter the exclusive set."

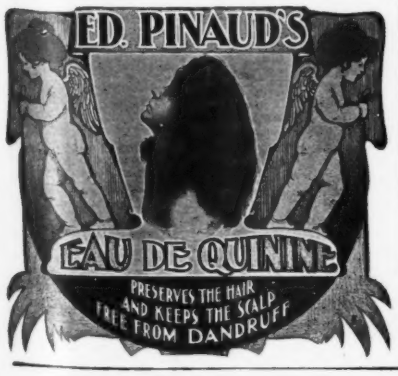
"Bother the exclusive set! I want a few more portraits to hide those grease spots on the parlor paper."—*Chicago News.*

Packer's Tar Soap

is pure, mild, invigorating and antiseptic. It soothes while cleansing, and for more than a quarter of a century has been The Standard

For the Hair and Skin

The Packer Mfg. Co., 81-83 Fulton St., New York.



THAT GERMAN PRIZE SONG.

(The Saengerfest association will pay two dollars and fifty cents per line for the prize song to be sung at the meeting in Baltimore next year.)

Hier kommen, Pegasus of mine;
Thy gentle rider waits.
He fain would write some poetry
That bristles with "wie gehts."

Two-fifty is the price per line—
A goodly price 'twill be.
Oh, that I knew the German tongue
Beyond mere "sprechen sie"!

Nine muses would not help me out
In this sad plight of mine;
For "hassenpfeffer" does not ring
As truly as does "wein."

Could I but work in "Tagenblatt,"
Or make the "Rheingoldt" gleam!
But, ah! I fear the judges stern
Would murmur, "Raus mit ihm!"

Now, "lauterbach" and "wie viel gelt,"
Also "ein kleines bier,"
Are in my paltry German store,
But they'll not do, I fear.

Aye, truly, German 's sonorous—
Its melody is nice;
But with it I am "ausgespielt,"
And of it "Ich nichts weiss."

Ach, himmel! Let me go to school
And study very hard.
Two-fifty for each little line?
I'll be a German bard.

—*Baltimore American.*

Carrie—"By the way, auntie, I never hear you say anything about your age."

Aunt Martha—"No, Carrie, I don't think you ever have. If I told people I was younger than I am, they would think I was fibbing; if I made myself out older, they would turn up their noses and declare I was merely bragging."—*Boston Transcript.*

"It seems to be quiet again down in Colombia," said the horse editor.

"Yes," added the snake editor, "the fall revolution is over, and the winter revolution hasn't begun yet."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

When you feel vaguely that something is wanting to complete your happiness, just order

A BOTTLE of EVANS' ALE

It surrounds you with an atmosphere of good will and brings good cheer and contentment.

Any Dealer Anywhere.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St.

Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

"What's the matter with Mrs. Bimler?"

"Nervous prostration, poor dear! She picked up a paper and read about some of the most lovely bargains that you ever heard of. She went wild over it. But just as she was rushing for her hat and cloak she happened to turn over the paper, and then she saw that it was an out-of-town sheet!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"What wretched bad form that new-comer displays!" exclaimed the stylish lunatic.

"What's the matter with his style?" demanded the other lunatic.

"Why, don't you see, he's wearing a high hat with his strait-jacket."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Will you carve, Mr. Cleaver?" asked the landlady, as she set the turkey on the boarding-house table.

"No, thank you," replied the facetious boarder; "let Mr. Hackett. He's a stone-cutter."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Weak men are but strong men's followers. Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, imparts force and vigor.

Percy—"I've made Pauline sorry that she threw me over."

Guy—"In what way?"

Percy—"Why, I'm attentive now to a girl five years younger than she is."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Little Johnnie—"Paw, crows go south fer th' winter, don't they?"

Parent—"Naw, they go south for th' summer; they kin git all th' winter they want up north."—*Ohio State Journal.*

Mrs. Boaster—"Henry and I attended the opera last night. We had a box."

Mrs. Blount—"Caramels, weren't they? I saw you in the gallery eating something."—*Richmond Dispatch.*

Convincing.

Hunter Baltimore Rye

The perfect type of the purest whiskey, claims this:

The test is taste, and a taste convinces that it is Pure, Old, Mellow

It is the American Gentleman's Whiskey

Sold at all first-class cafés and by jobbers.
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Oriental Rugs.

Antique and Modern Oriental Rugs in large and unusual sizes.

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Orders solicited for Whole Carpets, Designs specially prepared to fit any Rooms or Halls.

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Carpets and Carpetings

in new and original designs and colorings.

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Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK.

"I wish I could remember what Lobelia told me to order when I came down town this morning," said Mr. McSwatt. "It was either a tea set or a settee, but which one of the two it was I can't call to mind to save my life."—*Recollections of Mrs. Minnie E. Lee.*

The salerooms are now in the Sohmer Building, 170 Fifth avenue, New York city, where the Sohmer company can always be found foremost in the ranks of progress, liberal and trustworthy in all their dealings.

Smithe—"Hello! Fine day! Are you out walking for your health?"

Smythe—"Yes; I am going to the doctor's."—*Indianapolis News.*

Maude—"Why didn't you scream when he kissed you?"

Millicent—"I couldn't just then, and after it was all over what was the use?"—*Ohio State Journal.*

LIFEBUOY SOAP

Sanitary-Cleanser-Disinfectant

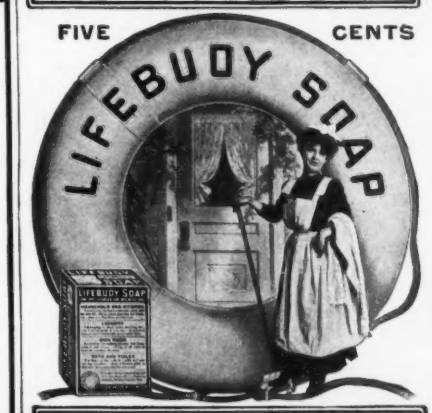
MADE OF THE PUREST INGREDIENTS

LIFEBUOY SOAP

KEEPS THE HOME SWEET AND CLEAN AND THE BODY IN HEALTH

LIFEBUOY SOAP

FIVE CENTS



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Carton containing two regular sized cakes of Lifebuoy Soap sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of 10 cents, stamps or coin, if your dealer does not sell it. Address:

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NEW YORK OFFICE: 111 FIFTH AVENUE.

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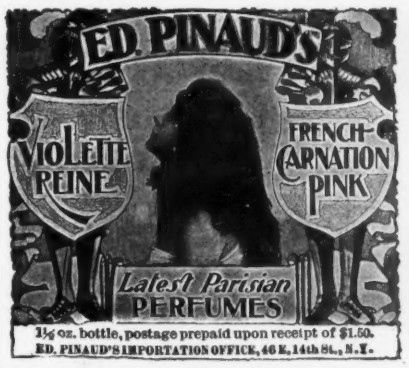


Best Line to Chicago and the West—NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Gold Lion Cocktails

We have just issued a dainty little book under the caption of

"Stunts"

A collection of tricks with matches; memory testers; tongue twisters; games, etc., which we mail free on request.

The Cook and Bernheimer Co., New York

The fellow who agrees with everybody soon finds that he has acquired a reputation for being level-headed.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Mr. Meekton's wife said yesterday that she was never going to speak to him again," said the woman.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed her husband. "Is she angry, or trying to be considerate?"—*Washington Star.*

Virgin Oil, imported from **Mexico**, amber color, **natural oil**, restores **gray hair to its original color**, no dye—entirely destroys **dandruff**. Nature's own **restorative**—price $5—pay if **cured**, not **otherwise**. We trust **you**. Address the **Virgin Oil Co.**, Los Angeles, Calif.

"I hear your engagement with young Gotrox has been broken off," said the first fair daughter of Eve.

"Well, you are entitled to another hearing," rejoined fair daughter No. 2 as she held up a graceful hand on which a solitaire sparkled. "You can see for yourself that I'm still in the ring."—*Chicago News.*

"Yes, she's dreadfully disappointed. She married him to reform him, you know."

"And she couldn't do it?"

"On the contrary, she did it in six months, and now she feels that she is bereft of a mission in life."—*Chicago Post.*

...A...

Perfect Paper Pattern

OF THIS FIVE-GORED SKIRT

3638 Five-Gored Skirt.
22 to 30 in. waist.

Mailed to any Address in the United States FOR 10c.

Give size wanted and write address plainly

SMART STYLES, 110 FIFTH AV., NEW YORK

You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

"Henry," said Uncle Amos from Upcreek, who was visiting his city nephew, "who's that man in the house on the other side of the street? Every morning he stands in front of a window an' shaves himself. He's done it now for three days hand-runnin'."

"I suppose he has done it every morning for the last ten years, uncle," replied Henry.

"Has he lived there all that time?"

"Yes, and longer than that, for all I know. I've been here only ten years myself."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know."

"What does he foller?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, uncle."

Uncle Amos put on his hat and went out.

In an hour or two he returned.

"Henry," he said, "that chap's name is Horton. He runs an insurance office down town. He's wuth about $27,000, owns that house an' lot, belongs to the Presbyterian church, has three boys an' one girl, an' he's forty-six years old. I've found out more about him in an hour than you have in ten years. Blamed if I don't believe livin' in the city makes people stupid."—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

"I'm mighty glad of one thing," remarked the young man who invariably got the neck at dinner, "and that is that you never serve up ostrich in this boarding-house."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"I will dog your footsteps!" hissed the heavy villain, while the footlights trembled at his tread.

"Ha, ha!" gurgled the unhappy heroine; "you forget that you are too heavy to do a dogtrot!"

Foiled again, the heavy villain lit another cigarette and left the scene, r. u. e., muttering to himself.—*Baltimore American.*

"Did you know dat dar was mo' dan two hundred bones in de human anatomy?" asked Miss Miami Brown.

"I didn't nebber figger on de exact number," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "but of cohse I knowed by de nicks in my razzer dat dey was fah f'um ska'se."—*Washington Star.*

"What a crowd of lady shoppers there are in the shoe department to-day," remarked the saleslady. "A marked-down sale, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied the salesgentleman, "all the ladies' number sixes are marked down to number four, and so on."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Clara—"It's a thrilling story, isn't it?"

Maud—"One of the most thrilling I ever read. I couldn't skip more than half of it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE LUXURY OF MODERN RAILWAY TRAVEL TO FLORIDA AND THE SOUTH.

The gratitude of tourists who appreciate the acme of luxury in railway travel is due in no small measure to the Southern Railway system. Their line of operation is the great highway that leads by Washington, D. C., to and through the southern states. Year by year they have adopted every improvement that could add in any way to the comfort of that army of visitors who make their winter home in the vast territory covered by its network of lines.

An example of the superb trains operated by the company is the "Southern's Palm Limited" which runs between New York and St. Augustine every day, except Sunday, during the winter months. This magnificent train will be inaugurated January 14th, 1902, leaving New York at 12.40 noon, the most luxurious in the world, runs through solid from New York to St. Augustine, excepting one drawing-room sleeping-car, which is detached at Blackville, S. C., and runs to Augusta, for the accommodation of travelers to this popular resort, and Aiken, S. C. The train is composed of Pullman composite compartment cars, drawing-room sleeping-cars, library, observation and dining-cars. Two other fast daily limited trains are operated, carrying through Pullman drawing-room sleeping-cars to New York, Savannah, Jacksonville, Tampa, Charleston, Augusta, Asheville, Chattanooga, Nashville, Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, New Orleans, affording excellent service to Florida, Mexico, and the Pacific coast. Dining-car service on all through trains. The popular route to Pinehurst, N. C., Pullman sleeping-car Washington, Pinehurst, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. New York to Thomasville, Ga., Pullman drawing-room sleeping-cars, every Thursday, commencing January 9th. For further information call or address New York offices, 271 and 1185 Broadway. Alexander S. Thweatt, eastern passenger agent, 1185 Broadway, New York.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

IT HAD HIM GUESSING.

MR. FROG—"Well, here's a go. I wonder which end of the line the bait 's on."

STANLAWS' SMARTEST GIRL

A New Series of Water-Color Proofs of Drawings of the fascinating "Stanlaws Girl." The series consists of six of the newest and best examples of Stanlaws' work, beautifully printed in colors. The size of each picture, handsomely mounted, is 12 x 19 inches.

THE PRICE OF THE SMARTEST GIRL SERIES IS $3.00 PER SET

...THE STANLAWS GIRL..

THERE are winsome girls and winsome girls, but only one Stanlaws Girl; she is a girl by herself—an artistic creation. To attempt to describe or to dissect her, and give anything like a correct idea of the elusiveness of her charms, of the whimsicality of her conceits, and the pensiveness of her many poses, would be quite impossible. She is captious and coy; she is dainty and petite. She doesn't belong to the period of spinning-wheel and harpsichord, and yet she is not entirely without a suggestion of the beauty of the courtly colonial damsel. She is just what she is—the Stanlaws Girl, whose beauty changes and becomes more pronounced in every light that ripples in her diaphanous draperies. She defies analysis and beggars description as much as does the perfume of the rose, the silver of the moonbeam, or the chaste auroral zephyr whirling giddily around in a flurry of peach blossoms.

JUDGE COMPANY, 110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Maryland Club

Pure Rye Whiskey

IT TASTES OLD BECAUSE IT IS OLD.

CAHN, BELT & CO.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

We trust **you.** Pay if **cured,** not otherwise. **Virgin Oil,** imported from **Mexico,** amber color, **natural** oil, no dye—restores **gray** hair to its **original** color—entirely destroys **dandruff.** Nature's own **restorative**—price **$5.** Address the **Virgin Oil Co.,** Los Angeles, Calif.

A burglar whose night entry into the parsonage awakened the sleepless pastor, said to his helpless victim, "If you stir you're a dead man! I'm hunting for money!" "Just let me get up and strike a light," pleasantly replied the dominie, "and I shall be glad to assist you in the search."—*Boston Watchman.*

Bacon—"The man who keeps his mouth shut is generally the one who wins, in the long run."

Egbert—"That's what you'd call dumb luck, I suppose?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Candidate—"You know I told you just before election that I was in the hands of my friends."

Reporter—"Yes."

Candidate—"Well, they dropped me."—*Louisville (Mass.) Journal.*

"The Bigglewumps are going to give a grand coming-out party for Maud on the 'steenth."

"Mercy! I thought Maud came out three years ago."

"Yes, she did. But Bigglewump has made a great deal more since then, and they have changed their set."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Success is built upon health. Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, builds the health. At druggists'.

The ape he soliloquized up in a tree,
"The funniest thing in this world," said he,
"Is that man claims that he
Has improved upon me
When he uses a ladder to climb a tree."
—*Washington Times.*

"I once invented a flying-machine," said the thoughtful man.

"Did you have any better luck than other inventors in that field?"

"Yes. It didn't take me as long to find out that it wouldn't fly."—*Washington Star.*

Head of foreign missionary bureau—"Where would you prefer to locate as a missionary?"

Young missionary—"Well, if possible, where the natives are vegetarians."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

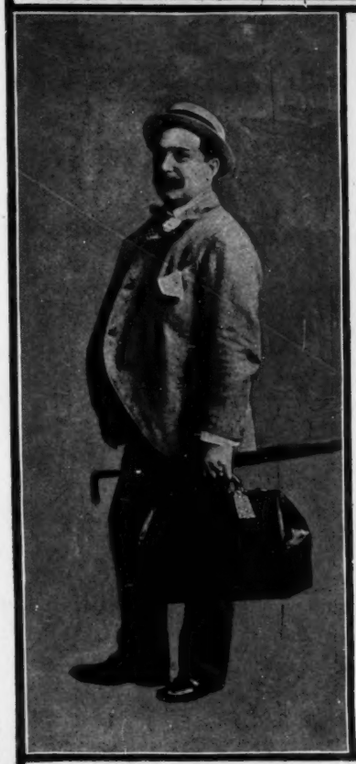
THE PRUDENTIAL GIRL OF 1902.

Among the many beautiful calendars issued for this year, one of the most artistic in richness of color and simplicity of design is that which bears the imprint of The Prudential Insurance Company of America. The calendar proper is on one side of a cardboard, about twelve by ten inches, leaving the other side free for a striking portrait picture in ten colors, in which the effects of an oil painting are reproduced with remarkable fidelity. The picture is that of a young woman, blue-eyed and golden-haired, in a gown of white with green leaves and scarlet flowers, and set off with a dark purple hat of the Gainsborough style, encircled by a black ostrich plume.

The Prudential has arranged to distribute these calendars, and if you desire one, write to the home office of The Prudential, in Newark, N. J., mentioning this paper, and a copy will be sent you by the Company, free of cost.

"Don't you despise people who talk behind your back?" "I should say so; especially at a concert or during an interesting play."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



What a Commercial Traveler Says:

I have been a traveling salesman for over 25 years and during my travels have always enjoyed the luxury of being shaved with Williams' Shaving Soap. Recently while returning from California, I was shaved with another soap. I noticed at once that it was not Williams' soap, as I can instantly recognize Williams' Shaving Soap by its delicate perfume and thick, soft lather. Immediately after being shaved, my face began to smart and burn. When I got to St. Paul, I consulted a physician, and he pronounced the trouble a bad case of barber's itch, caused either by strong or impure soap. I have suffered the greatest pain and annoyance, and hereafter no barber will shave me unless he uses Williams' Shaving Soap.

WILLIAM G. RUDD,
CHICAGO, ILL.

MORAL: Protect yourself by insisting that your barber uses WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP. Accept no substitute from dealers if you shave yourself. Williams' Soaps are sold all over the world.

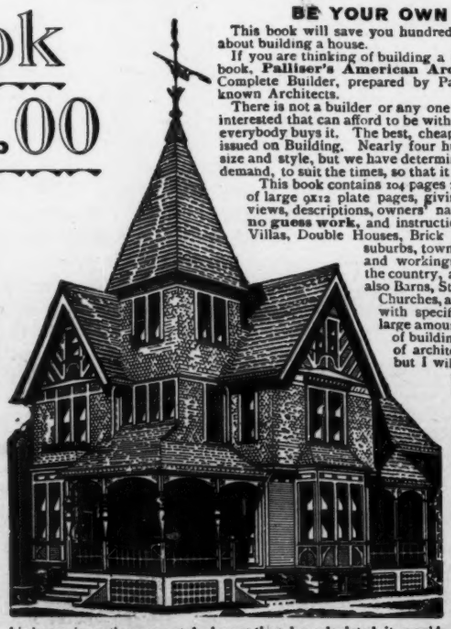
THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Glastonbury, Conn.
Depots: London, Paris, Dresden, Sydney.

A $5.00 Book for $1.00

The Latest and Best Publication on Modern Artistic Dwellings and other Buildings of Low Cost.

Palliser's American Architecture;

Or, Every Man a Complete Builder.



BE YOUR OWN ARCHITECT.

This book will save you hundreds of dollars if you are thinking about building a house.

If you are thinking of building a house you ought to buy the new book, **Palliser's American Architecture**; or, Every Man a Complete Builder, prepared by Palliser, Palliser & Co., the well-known Architects.

There is not a builder or any one intending to build or otherwise interested that can afford to be without it. It is a practical work and everybody buys it. The best, cheapest and most popular book ever issued on Building. Nearly four hundred drawings. A $5 book in size and style, but we have determined to make it meet the popular demand, to suit the times, so that it can be easily reached by all.

This book contains 204 pages 11x14 inches in size, and consists of large 9x12 plate pages, giving plans, elevations, perspective views, descriptions, owners' names, actual cost of construction, **no guess work,** and instructions **How to Build** 70 Cottages, Villas, Double Houses, Brick Block Houses, suitable for city suburbs, town and country houses for the farm, and workingmen's homes, for all sections of the country, and costing from $300 to $6,500; also Barns, Stables, School House, Town Hall, Churches, and other public buildings, together with specifications, form of contract, and a large amount of information on the erection of buildings, selection of site, employment of architects. It is worth $5 to any one, but I will send it in paper cover by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1; bound in cloth, $2.

If you ever intend to build get this book and study it before you commence. This should be your first step toward building a house, so as to ascertain what kind of a house you want and find out how much it is going to cost before going ahead.

There is not one person in a hundred that builds a house but that wishes, after it is too late, that he had made some different arrangements on planning the interior, and would give many dollars to have had it otherwise, but it is too late.

Also there is not one in a hundred but that will tell you that his house is costing a great deal more than he calculated it would. The reason of this is he starts to build, without proper consideration; his only foundation is the money he has to build with and large imaginations. About the time he has his building enclosed his imaginations vanish and his money with them.

The value of this work to builders cannot be estimated, as it contains designs for just such houses as they are called on to build every day in the week.

There is not a builder in the country who can afford to neglect this book.

Address all Orders to

JUDGE COMPANY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"Do you know Miller, the manufacturer of explosives?" "Yes; I'm in the balloon service and we passed each other when his factory blew up—just a passing acquaintance."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

"What's the nature of your husband's disposition?" asked the judge of the complainant.

"Well," said the unfortunate woman, "when he's drunk he's"——

"But," interrupted the judge, "I mean when he's sober."

"I don't know," she slowly replied.—*Sun.*

Friend—"I was surprised that it took the jury ten hours to reach a verdict. The evidence seemed to me quite clear."

Ex-juryman—"We agreed on the verdict at once, but some one commenced a discussion as to the literary merit of the judge's charge."—*Town and Country.*

The picture suggests the comfort, protection and genteel appearance in the new

Adonis Supporter

WORN NEXT THE BODY
PAT. FEB. AND DEC. 1901

A **Trial Proves** it indispensable, in daily wear, athletics or dress. Releves bearing down depression; standing or walking, makes a man **light** on his feet. **Scientific, hygienic; prevents** and **cures injuries, Varicocele, Backache** and kindred ailments, caused by lack of support. Nature's rejuvenator; strengthens **vitality,** increasing mental and physical vigor. If you have suffered with the old suspensory, the **ADONIS** will be a revelation of comfort, convenience and efficiency; hundreds of letters from wearers say so. Sack of specially woven, best pure silk; support straps, silk elastic. Adjusting clips removable for washing, **no buckles.** As an introduction, one is mailed in plain box for **$1.00,** medium or large. Sold only direct.

CARL C. LANTZ, Sole Maker,
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Again
and again,
for many years,
under all conditions,
by countless users, the

Remington Typewriter

has been tried and tested, and its superior merits proved.

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Progress
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$4,000.00 IN PRIZES

for the best work with Kodak and Brownie Cameras. $2,000.00 Cash and $2,000.00 in Kodak Prizes.

Circulars giving all the details may be had of any Kodak dealer or will be sent free by mail.

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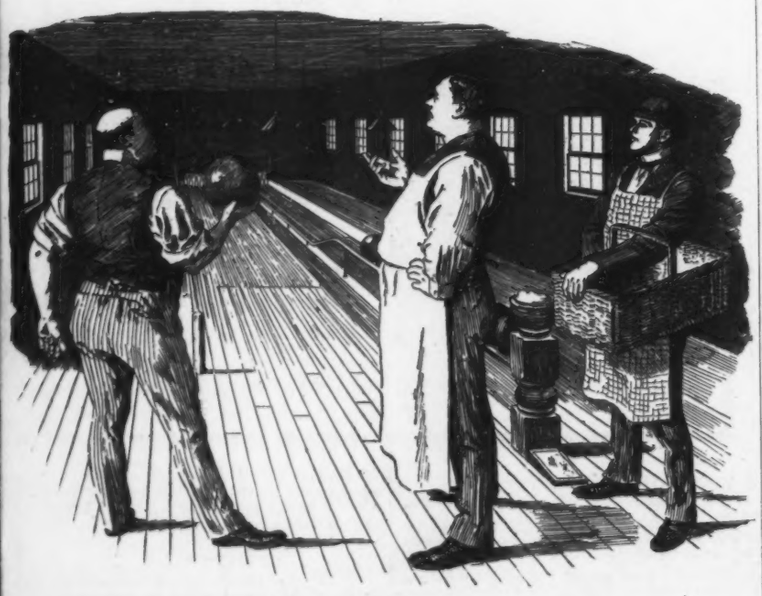

GUSTAF—"I vill bet yer ten pounds uf porterhouse against one pound uf sirloin dot yer don't make a strike."
WILHELM—"Vell, I will take you up, und Heinrich, here, he vill hold der stakes (steaks)."

"Do you ever bet on elections in Alabama?"
"Bet on elections! Certainly not, sah. It would be betting on a sure thing, sah."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Instead of improving with age," says the Manayunk philosopher, "some wine turns to vinegar. It is also that way with some people."—*Philadelphia Record.*

IOWA FARMS $4 PER ACRE CASH BALANCE 1 CROP TIL PAID. NORTHWALL SIOUX CITY IA.

EARL & WILSON'S
COLLARS CUFFS & SHIRTS
BEST IN THE WORLD.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD
ROUTE OF THE BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS
THE GREAT DOUBLE TRACK SCENIC HIGHWAY
BETWEEN
NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA
AND BUFFALO,
NIAGARA FALLS,
TORONTO,
CHICAGO

MR. HINNIGAN ON FINANCE.

By La Monte Waldron.

"AN' whot do yez think?" inquired Mr. Hinnigan, as he entered the Flinnigan cuisine, dumped the cat out of a chair, drew it up, and gazed at his host. Flinnigan caressed the auburn stubble on his chin, removed one foot from the oven, yawned, and replied,

"Sure, Oi wor thinkin' th' Dootch bootcher beyant th' carner have j'ined th' bafe thrust. Th' price av mate are outrageous."

"Whin Oi axed yez what yez tho't," said Hinnigan, "Oi didn't mane what wor yez thinkin' yersilf. Oi mint whot did yez think av whot Oi wor thinkin' whin Oi axed yez whot yez tho't. Oi ixpicted, whin Oi put me quistion, thot yez wud raply, 'Whot?'"

"So, so?" retorted Flinnigan. "Oi'm not a shtar at mind-radin' yut, but if ut 'll plaze yez, Oi'll begin practicin' immajetly."

Mr. Hinnigan's equanimity was equal to that of the Sphinx. The ironical reply was ignored, and he continued,

"On a-Chuesda', jist afther th' day wor breakin', chance t'rew me into Wall Sthrate."

"Whin th' day broke yez wor trun into Wall Sthrate; 'tis a wondher yez kem out av th' accidint aloive," observed the host.

"As Oi wor sayin'," added Hinnigan, "Oi had th' ixthrordinry privlige av matin' an' con-versin' wid th' monarch av finnyancers—th' great and only J. Peerpont. He wor travelin' loike a dago prince, incogniayto—thot are, he wor layin' low an' not slappin' ivery man he mit on th' back an' disclosin' his idintity. He wor out wid th' arly birds, doin' a bit av private thinkin' be himsilf.

"Av coorse, he rickneyized me at wanst. Thin, dhriftin' into a business vein, he sez t' me, sez he, 'Hinnigan, I've ac-quired th' annoyin' habit av shpindin' from thray t' tin millions befoor brikfist. I ust t' do it jist t' kape me hand in an' shtart th' day roight, but it's grown t' be me little ould man av th' say, an' cuts me shlape shart in the marnin'. An army av spishilists can't cure me. Jest befoor I met yez I picked up another railroad for sivin hunderth and twinty t'ousand dollars, which makes me jyeful, for it indycates thot I'm shlightly convaliscint. But to-morrow I'm loikely t' indulge me ante-brikfist habit t' th' ixtint av twinty millions, an' there ye are.'

"'Sure, J. Peerpont,' sez Oi t' him, Oi sez, 'Oi shuppose yez hov some Herculaneum schames in yer moind; a man av yer magniffycint mintil attainmints must be burthened wid gi-gantic tho'ts.'

"'T' tell yez in confidence,' sez he, as we inthered an awtymobill t' go over beyant t' th' Hotil Cashtory, 't' tell yez in sub rosy, Hinnigan,' sez J. P. t' me whin we wor sated, wan lukin' at th' other in th' Cashtory brikfist-room, 'Oi have a schame that 'll be a twintieth-cinchry wondher.

"'P'raps yez raycall whin Oi boonched th' shtale inthrists av this greatan' glorious counthry, Hinnigan,' sez he t' me.

"I nodded assint, fer me mim'ry are thot good I pride mesilf on it.

"'Hinnigan,' sez he, so imphatic thot he shpilt th' coffee, 'thot wor a game av tin-pins. Oi've bin thinkin', an' whin Oi git thot way things move. Me wisthern frind, Jawn D., hov a few million tanks av grease an' some holes in th' ground thot he calls a thrust. Me railroads are pilin' up on me hands so num'rous loike thot Oi'll nade ivery dhrop av ile projuced be th' Shtandard wurruks t' lubericate th' axles av me cars. Oi intind t' make Jawn D. come t' toime be to-morrow or a-Thursda'.

"'An' thin Oi'm thinkin' serious av absorbin' th' mate thrust t' feed me min, av coorse realizin' th' legitmit profits. An' th' paper thrust are absolutely nicissiry t' furnish me wid material t' answer me immnse corryshpondince. It are exasperatin' to find, whin Oi rache me office in th' marnin', thot me clurks hov ixhausted th' city shupply intoirely, an' hov t' wait till th' nixt thrain-load arroives.

"'An' thin, Hinnigan'—J. Peerpont fell t' musin' an' sippin' his chice mocha—'there's sivin-hunderth an' twinty-noine other thrusts thot Oi'll nade as incidintils.'"

"So yez tuk brikfist wid J. Peerpont, did yez?" remarked Flinnigan with a doubtful inflection that straightened Hinnigan up and almost made him double his right fist.

"Oi did," was the reply.

"An' yez ate Frinch dishes wid him at th' Hotil Cashtory, where th' proice fer air are a dollar a yard?"

"Oi did."

"Yer me man. Oi nade sivin hunderth dollars t' rid mesilf av a mortgagee an' put shtame hate in this domicile."

After inspecting Flinnigan's countenance for half a minute Hinnigan ejaculated,

"Moike, Oi hovn't th' money t' me name."

Flinnigan replaced his foot in the oven, shook the stove, once more caressed the auburn stubble on his chin, and observed,

"Oi kin wait till a-Frida'. Borry it av yer boon companion an' old college room-mate, J. Peerpont; an in th' manetoime Oi'll git th' other twinty thousand nicissiry fer improvemints Oi contimplate bechune th' Goolds an' Willum Waldorf Ashter."

AN ILLUSION DISPELLED.

THE tourist had dropped two dollars and eighteen cents into the maw of the slot machine that stood in Rome, but to no avail.

The little indicator stood immovable and refused to divulge his avoirdupois.

"Huh!" sneered the tourist. "I always did think there was a good deal of fake about this Appian Weigh."

But the guide merely suggested that they hie onward to the coliseum.

"Do you know anything about the people who have moved next door?" she inquired.

"Not much," he answered; "except that their honeymoon is not yet over."

"How did you find that out?"

"By observing. It was raining when he came home this evening, but she did not make him stop at the front door to wipe his feet."—*Washington Star.*

Kind lady—"What is your name, dear?"

Little girl—"My name is Mame—M-a-y-m-e."

Kind lady—"And the name of your dog?"

Little girl—"His name is Fido—P-h-y-d-o-u-g-h!"—*Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.*

"Oh, yes; daughter 's fully twice as happy as she was with her husband."

"How so?"

"Why, he used to give her an allowance of only ten dollars, and now he has to pay her twenty."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

If wishes were horses there wouldn't be any room in the world for human beings.—*Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.*

Wilson Whiskey, "that's all," many say,
And it really is all to drive cares away.
Convalescents all tell that it makes them feel well,
And it's a ball that's a ball—"that's all."

HONEST FLAVOR and perfect purity are found in

GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

The New York Commercial Journal says: "There is one merit in American champagne which should find it especial favor as compared with the French. It makes and carries its *own honest flavor*, whereas the French champagne has NO flavor until it is added through the medium of other liqueurs at the end of the fermenting process. In other words, the French flavor is made, *the American is born.*"

Hence the popularity of "Great Western," the gold medal winner at the Paris Exposition.

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., Sole Makers, Rheims, N.Y.

Sold by all Respectable Wine Dealers.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London), Aug., 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

Until the millennium life insurance will be a necessity for all except a very few—those who escape the law of average. If you are sure to escape, no need to apply to the

PENN MUTUAL LIFE,
921-3-5 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit Cured without inconvenience or detention from business. Write THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. 2. Lebanon, Ohio.

SCARCE BOOKS.

PHOTOGRAPHS, etc. Catalogue, with samples, $1. Sealed letter post. G. ARTHUR, 6 Rue l'Ecluse, Paris.

Wm BARKER CO. TROY, N.Y. LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS ARE THE BEST BUY THEM.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe; 10, 25 and 50 cents per box. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address 433

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

MISS SHORT—"Isn't my name an absurd misfit, Mr. Long?"

MR. LONG (thoughtlessly)—"Yes, rather. If you could have mine it would be all right, wouldn't it?"

MISS SHORT—"Oh, Mr. Long, this is so sudden!"

What was the cost per game?—when 6,175 games were played with one 25-cent pack of

Bicycle Playing Cards

Letter from player who did this, and a colored reproduction of the cards he used, FREE, on request. Bicycle cards always wear well.

Gold Medal, Buffalo, 1901.
Grand Prix, Paris, 1900.
Highest Award, Chicago, 1893.

A 120-page condensed Hoyle mailed for 6 flap ends of Bicycle boxes or five 2¢. stamps.

The U. S. Playing Card Co., Dept. 26, Cincinnati, O.

BOMOSA BEST GROWN COFFEE

BEST and MOST ECONOMICAL COFFEE GROWN. 33c.

Requires Only TWO-THIRDS the regular quantity. Always packed in 2-lb. trade-mark red bags.

Good Coffees 12c. and 15c.
Good Teas 30c. and 35c.
For special terms address
The Great American Tea Co.,
31 & 33 Vesey St., New York
P. O. Box 289.

ROMEIKE'S Press Cutting Bureau will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched. Terms, $5.00 for 100 notices. HENRY ROMEIKE, 110 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
Nos. 32, 34, and 36 Bleecker Street,
Branch Warehouse, 20 Beekman Street, New York.
ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER.

ONCE TRIED - ALWAYS USED.

Huyler's COCOA & CHOCOLATE

MANUFACTURED FROM Bean to Cup WITHOUT ADULTERATION

Not higher in price than others. Lower than some.—WHY NOT GET THE BEST?

If not handled by your grocer, send us his name and receive free sample of our cocoa, Huyler's, 64 Irving Pl., N.Y.

MYSELF CURED I will gladly inform anyone addicted to COCAINE, MORPHINE, OPIUM OR LAUDANUM, of a never-failing harmless Home Cure. Address MRS. M. O. BALDWIN, P. O. Box 1212, Chicago.

PILES Sample treatment of Red Cross Pile and Fistula Cure and book explaining each variety of piles, sent free. REA CO., Dept. 23, Minneapolis, Minn.

BLANK BOOKS All kinds kept in stock and made to order by FINDLER & WIBEL, 121 Nassau Street, New York.

"Young man," said her father, "I don't want you to be too attentive to my daughter."

"Why—er—really," stammered the young man, "I had hoped to marry her some"—

"Exactly, and I'd like to have you marry her, but if you're too attentive to her you won't have money enough to do it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

BLOOD POISON

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write

COOK REMEDY CO.

1400 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill., for proofs of cures. Capital, $500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 35 days. 100-page Book Free.

You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

PRESS OF FLESS & RIDGE PRINTING CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

TOO EASY FOR HIM.

PAPA GOLDBERG—"You haff bin by der synagogue, yes? Vell, I asks you a kervestion. Vat are der t'ree graces?"
IKEY (*confidently*)—"Gold, silver und diamonds! Popper, ask me a hard one."

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Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Pg. Co. New York.

A CURIOUS OMISSION.

MRS. WOPPLES—"Funny dey ain't no notice ob mah weddin' annerversary in de almanac fer de year 1902."
MRS. JACKSON—"I doan' see why dey should."
MRS. WOPPLES—"Why, dey've got de Lisbon earthquake an' de Galveston tornado an' lots ob udder *catastrophes*."